

GOLD
KEY®

BUGS BUNNY

25¢

BUGS BUNNY



Bugs Bunny

Planet of the Shapes

COME BACK HERE, YOU FUR-BEARIN', LOW-DOWN, SIDE-WINDIN', FAST-TALKIN' HUNK OF RIVER-BOTTOM TRASH!

YOU LEFT OUT 'ROTTEN-TO-THE-CORE', SAM!

LET'S NOT LOOK ON THIS AS A CARROT CON-JOB... LET'S CONSIDER IT A LONG-TERM VEGETABLE LOAN!

...JUST ANOTHER PEACEFUL DAY IN THE COUNTRYSIDE! ALL IS CALM, WITH THE POSSIBLE EXCEPTION OF THE ENRAGED PIRATE CHASING THE BUCK-TOOTHED CARROT SNITCHER...

THINGS ARE NO CALMER IN THE TRACKLESS REGIONS OF OUTER SPACE...

COMMUNI-K FROM SOLAR PATROL: WE ARE IN PURSUIT OF SNAZZ... POSITION 55-R, CROSS-INDEX 5...

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ESCAPEE IS GAINING DISTANCE. HONORABLE SQUADRON LEADER! WE'RE LOSING HIM!

IT'S THAT SHIP OF HIS...

AFTER HE ESCAPED THE PYRO-PITS, HE STOLE THAT EXPERIMENTAL MODEL! ITS WARP-DRIVE IS DOUBLE THIS SHIP'S!

JUST TRACK HIS COURSE!

HAVE A HEART, SAM! FUDDSY'S CARROT PATCH WON'T MATURE FOR THREE MORE WEEKS! I'VE GOTTA EAT!

I BOUGHT THOSE CARROTS FOR MY DINNER, RABBIT!

WOOOOOM!

WHAT IN TARNATION WAS THAT?

A ROUGH LANDING, TO BE SURE! I MISCALCULATED THE INCREASED WARP-DRIVE POWER OF THIS VESSEL!

BEFORE THE SQUADRON CATCHES UP, I MUST DISGUISE MYSELF AS A DENIZEN OF THIS PLANET!

ENCYCLO-SCREEN, WHAT ARE THE INHABITANTS OF EARTH CALLED?

THE ENCYCLO IS RUNNING DOWN THE ENTIRE ROSTER! THAT ROUGH LANDING JARRED ITS MECHANISMS!

VENUS=...
VENUSIAN

MARS=...
MARTIAN

EARTH=EARTHWORM

AH, THERE IS MY ANSWER! NOW TO FIND AN 'EARTHWORM' TO DUPLICATE...

THE INTERPLANETARY CONVICT IS UNAWARE HIS MACHINE HAS GIVEN HIM A WRONG ANSWER—BUT WE WON'T TELL HIM, WILL WE?

IN THE MEANTIME...

NOW, WHERE DID THAT VARMINT VAMOOSSE TO?

THAT'S THE CRITTER—I SPY HIS POINTY-EAR STICKIN' OUT!

I GOT'CHA NOW! I GOT'CHA, YOU BILGE-RAT RABBIT!

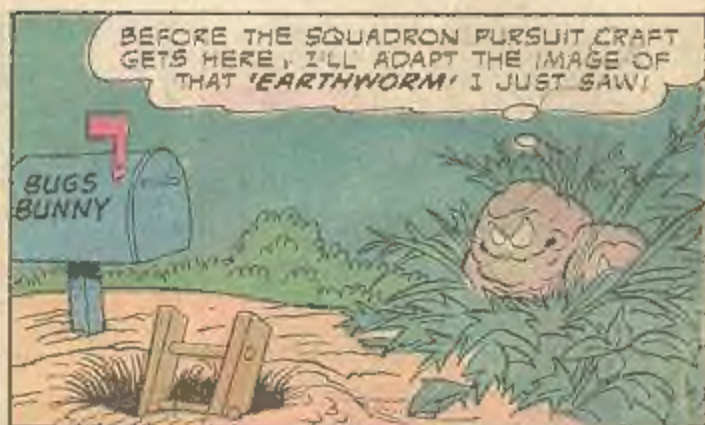
HUH? FORTUNATELY, I ALWAYS CARRY A FAKE-OUT RABBIT EAR WITH ME FOR JUST SUCH AN OCCASION!

THAT'S RIGHT—HIDE IN YER HOLE LIKE THE WORM THAT YOU ARE!

WELL, I GOT ONE CARROT OUT OF IT.

SO THAT'S A WORM! I SHALL GUISE MYSELF TO HIS LIKENESS!

BUGS BUNNY



SIMULTANEOUSLY, IN SPACE...



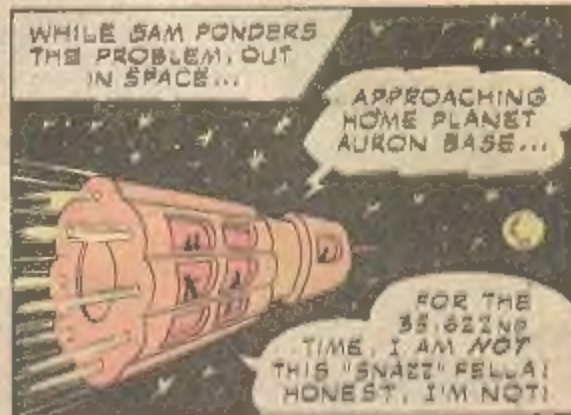
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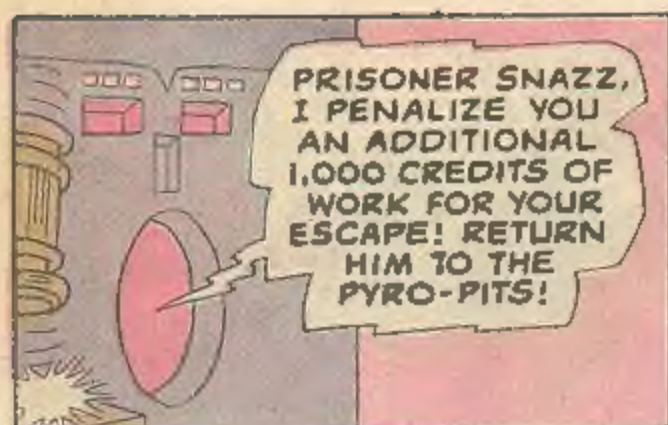
TWEETY and SYLVESTER **A REAL BRICK!**



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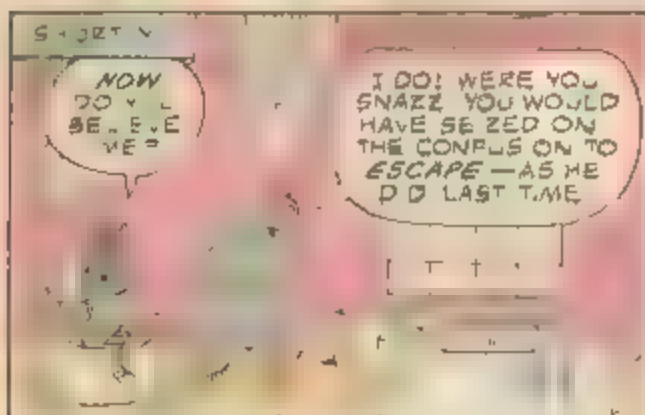




SNAZZ
S NOT
HARMED!

THE
GOPHER
BELIEVES
H A TO
BE HER
BABY

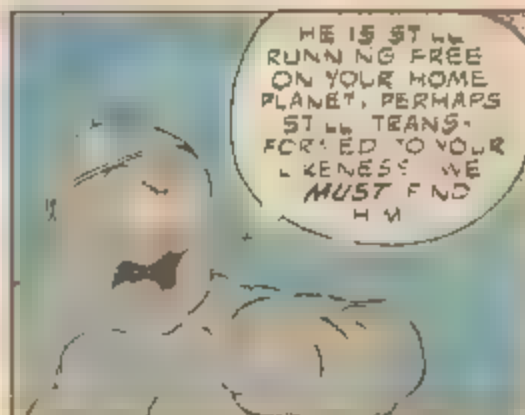
TH S MUCH I
CAN TOLERATE—
BUT THE
M NUTE SHE
WH PS OUT THE
DIAPERS
I AM LONG
FOR THE H L S



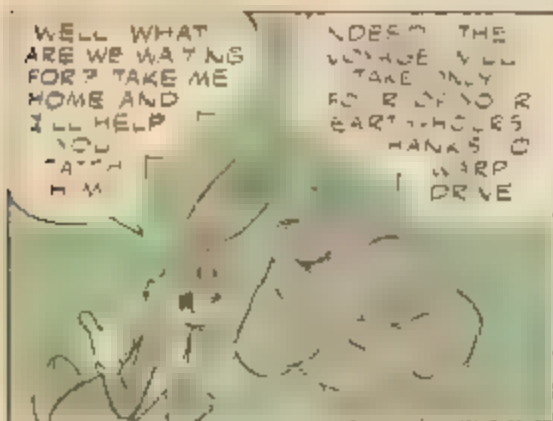
S O R T Y

NOW
DO Y L
BE E E
VE

I DO! WERE YOU
SNAZZ YOU WOULD
HAVE SE ZED ON
THE COMPLS ON TO
ESCAPE—AS HE
D D LAST TIME

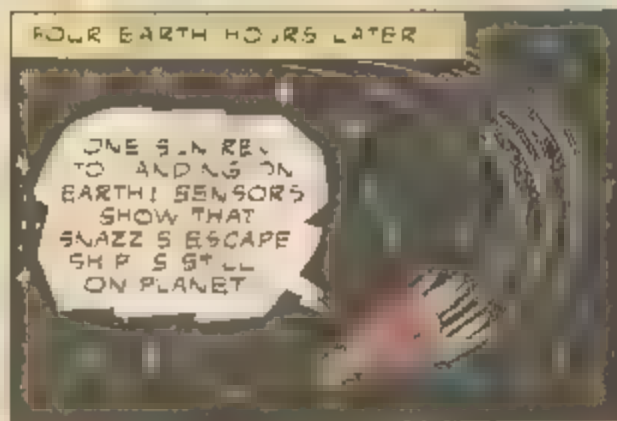


HE IS ST LL
RUNN NG FREE
ON YOUR HOME
PLANET, PERHAPS
ST LL TEANS-
FOR ED TO YOUR
L KENESS WE
MUST FND
H M



WELL WHAT
ARE WE WAT NG
FOR? TAKE ME
HOME AND
I LL HELP
YOU
FATH
H M

IDEED THE
VOYAGE Y LL
TAKE ONLY
FO R OF VO R
EARTH HOURS
HANS O
W R P
I DRIVE



FOUR EARTH HOURS LATER

ONE S N RE-
TO AND NG ON
EARTH SENSORS
SHOW THAT
SNAZZ S ESCAPE
SH P S ST LL
ON PLANET



Y KNOW DOC YOU M GHT BE ABLE TO
MOVE AROUND MORE IF YOU LOOKED
LIKE AN EARTH
POLICEMAN!



MY THOUGHTS EXACTLY.
HOW S THIS?

PERFECT WHEN WE
GET TO EARTH
LET VE LOOK
AROUND A
S T O N I C A L

AND SO ON

THAT VOSEM TE
SAM PERSON TOLD
ME TO WAIT RIGHT
HERE FOR HIM,
HOWEVER..

I SEE THE
SUBJECT I
DUPLICATED
APPROACHING—
A FINE
REASON TO
SNEAK AWAY.

NOW WHERE
IS THAT
HANDSOME
DEVIL?

DON'T
BELIEVE

I'VE BEEN TRYING ALL
DAY TO LOCATE HIM
OTHERWISE BUT
BUGS STILL THINKS
HE'S A WORM

COME ON PETUNIA, I'LL SHOW
YOU! BUGS TELL HER WHAT
KIND OF CRITTER YOU ARE!

30

THIS IS A
RABBIT,
OF COURSE

IF THIS IS
YOUR IDEA OF
A JOKE,
SAM

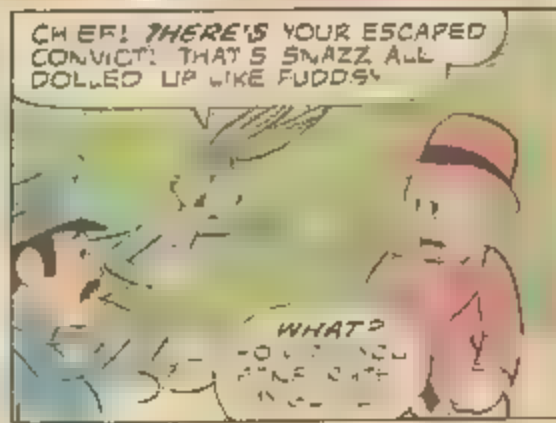
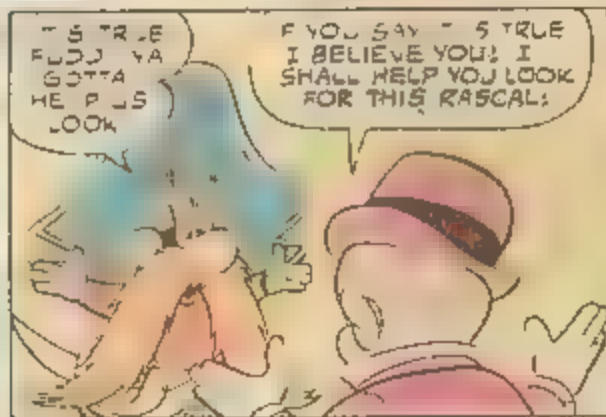
DRAWING ME ALL
THE WAY OUT HERE
LIKE THIS—YOU
SHOULD BE
ASHAMED OF
YOURSELF!

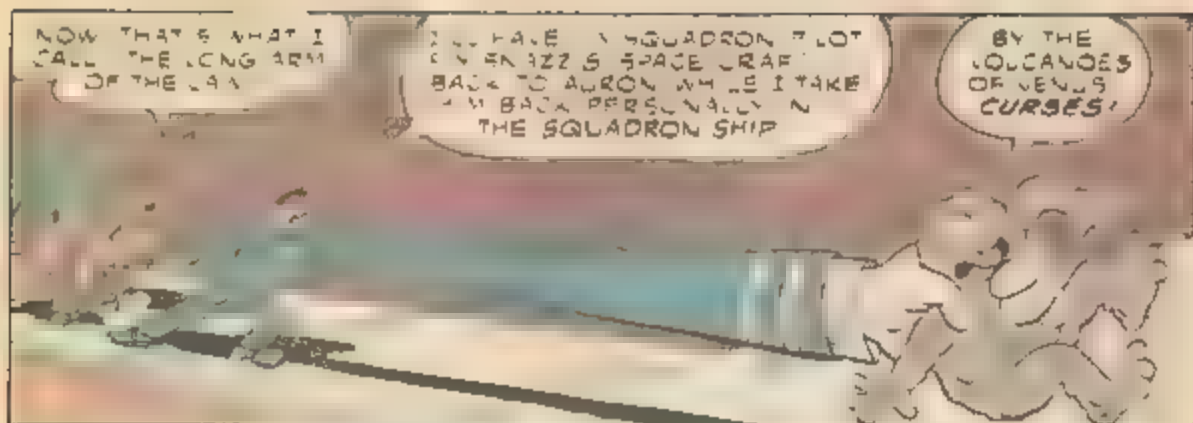
I'VE BEEN
MADE A
FOOL OF

MEANWHILE

IF THAT EARTHWORM
IS BACK, THAT MEANS
THE SOLAR PATROL IS
BACK AND AWARE OF
MY ESCAPADES!

I SHALL NEED A NEW L KENESS. I
SHALL ASSUME THE FACE AND BODY
OF THAT BEING I SEE WALKING BY!





NOW THAT'S WHAT I
CALL THE LONG ARM
OF THE LAW

I'LL HAVE A SQUADRON FLOT
CATCHEN 322'S SPACE CRAFT
BACK TO ALRON WHILE I TAKE
'EM BACK PERSONALLY IN
THE SQUADRON SHIP

BY THE
VOLCANOES
OF VENUS
CURSES!



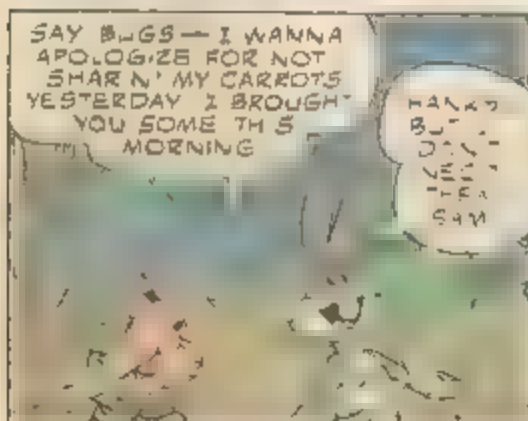
AND THIS IS HOW WE BID A
FRIEND FAREWELL

YOU
BARE
C



DO
THE
THE
PRISONER
IN
BOARD
ORAY

A-OKAY! AND THERE
THEY GO HEADED
OFF INTO THE WILD
BLACK VONDER.



SAY BUGS—I WANNA
APOLOGIZE FOR NOT
SHARIN' MY CARROTS
YESTERDAY I BROUGHT
YOU SOME THIS
MORNING

HANKS
BUT
I'D
RATHER
EAT
SAY



MY REWARD
SHOULD SEE ME
THROUGH UNTIL
FUDDSY'S CROP

KNOW
WHERE I
CAN GET A
WANTY
SCOT
ALAD
HONOR

REWARD

HAPPY HOBOS



"Eh—what's up, Doc?" Bugs Bunny asked Elmer Fudd, as Elmer worked in his yard. "Nothing," retorted Elmer. "And don't bother me with that silly question."

"Hmm... looks to me like your carrots are up," said Bugs. "That's a good crop."

"And don't you touch them," said Elmer.

"Aw, don't be a dud, Fudd," Bugs pleaded. "I'm dying for just one teensy carrot. As Elmer ignored him, Bugs added, "I'll even work for it. Your garden's pretty weedy."

"Work?" exclaimed Elmer, surprised. Then he laughed, "You remind me of the hoboes that used to come around. They twamped all over working for just their supper!"

"So I'll work for you," said Bugs.

"Alright," said Elmer. "I give you six cawwots an hour to weed."

"It's a deal," agreed Bugs, and he started to weed with a will. But as soon as Elmer was out of sight, Bugs could not resist taking just one little carrot.

"Might as well get paid while I work," he thought, crunching happily.

A moment later, however, Elmer appeared and in his hand was a shotgun.

"Aha!" he exclaimed. "I knew I couldn't trust you, you conniving wabbit! Now get out!" and he raised his gun menacingly.

At that, Bugs left in a hurry. But Elmer's remark about the hoboes stayed with him. "Being a hobo sounds like fun—riding the rails and stuff. I think I'll give it a go," he decided. So, carrying a knapsack, Bugs headed for the railroad yard.

"Oh, a hobo's life's a happy life," he sang. "there's no worry and there's no strife. Every day is a merry spree... and a hobo's life is the life for me."

When Bugs reached the railroad yard, how

ever, he found only some deserted boxcars.

"No matter," he thought, as he walked along the tracks humming happily.

For the rest of the day, Bugs plodded along. At nightfall, he camped under a railroad trestle. Over a small fire, he heated a can of soup and sat back contentedly. Tomorrow, he would catch a ride on a train and head for some real adventure. Wrapping himself in a blanket, Bugs went to sleep, dreaming of happy times ahead.

But Bugs was in for a rude awakening... In the middle of the night, a storm broke! Thunder rumbled and lightning flashed as the heavens opened up! The downpour brought a sudden fast swirling river of water into the gully under the bridge. In an instant, Bugs and his belongings were swept away! Twisting and turning and gasping for breath, Bugs fought against the tide, but it was no use! The swirling waters closed over his head and carried him along relentlessly in endless choking darkness! He was doomed!

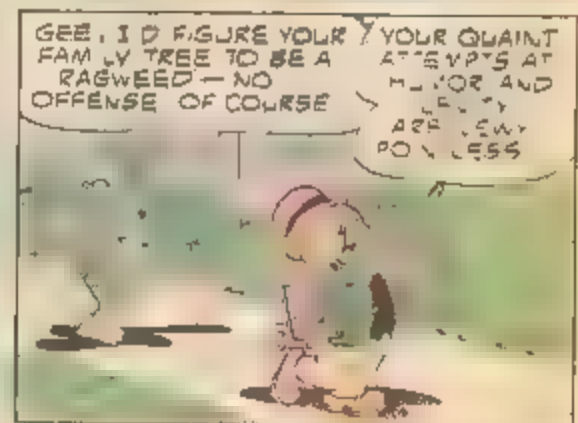
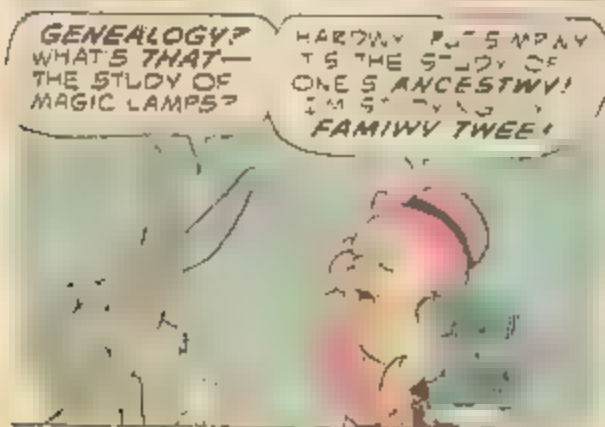
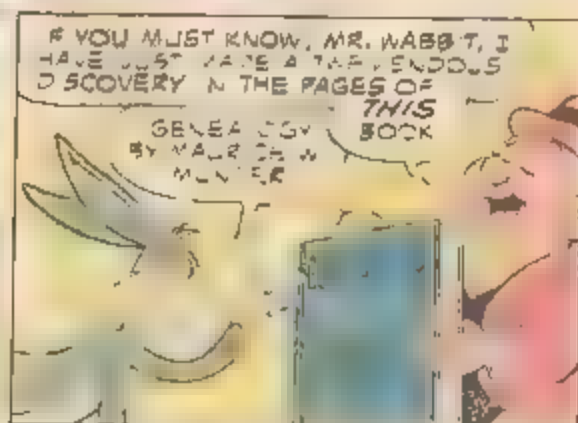
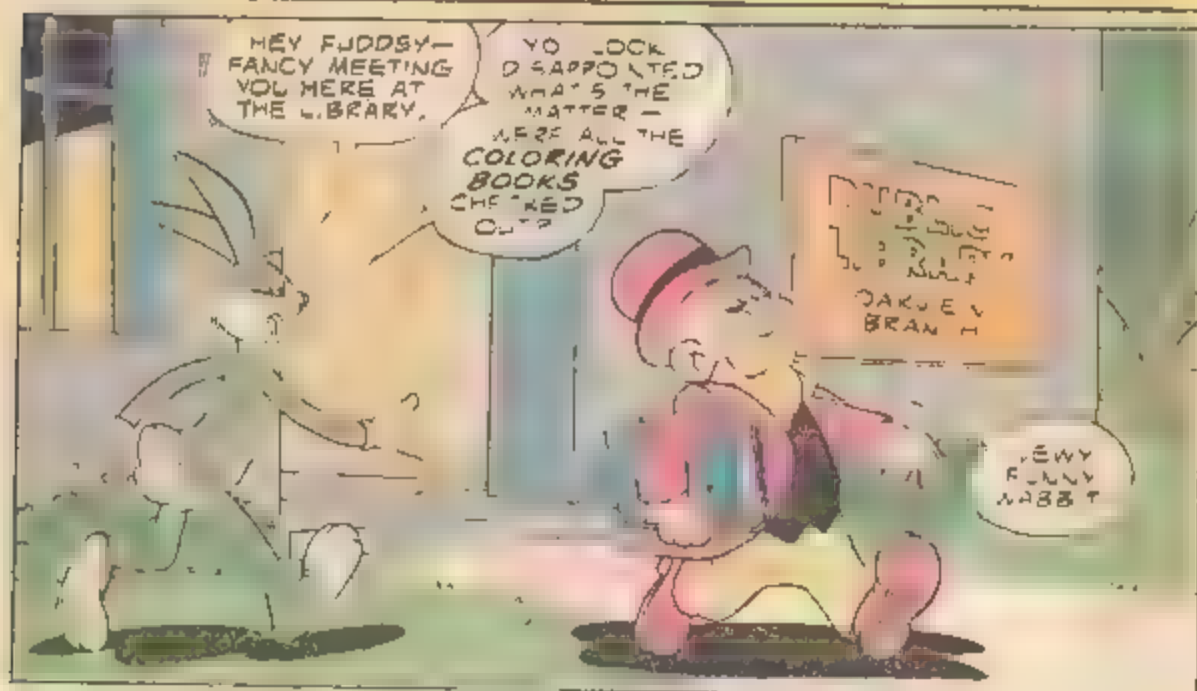
Then, by a strange fate, Bugs was tossed up on a bank. As he lay there, panting and gasping, a powerful beam of light suddenly sliced the darkness! And just as suddenly, Bugs became aware that he was on the railroad tracks and that an engine was coming toward him. He quickly jumped up and as he leaped into the air, he caught hold of the train's cowcatcher. He hung on desperately. Then, just when he felt he was slipping, the train slowly came to a grinding halt. Gratefully, Bugs slid to the ground and looked around.

"I'm home! I'm home!" he gasped in happy disbelief. "I'm really home! And I'm never going to leave again!" he vowed.

As Bugs headed for his own snug rabbit hole, he was sure of one thing—there was no happier hobo in the whole world!

**BUGS
BUNNY**

Swell Fellow FUDD



I JUST FOUND OUT MY GWEAT-GWEAT-GWEAT-GWEAT-GWEAT GRANDFATHER WAS THE COUSIN OF KING RISHMORE III...



THAT MEANS I AM AN AWISTOCWAY! I AM DESCENDED FROM WOYALTY!

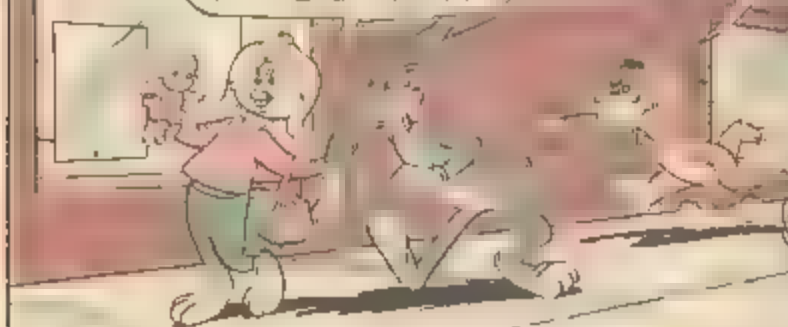
AND, AS SUCH I CANNOT ASSOCIATE WITH JUST ANYONE! GOOD-BYE WABB T.



HMM... LOOKS LIKE HIS FAMILY TREE HAS A LITTLE SAP LEFT IN IT.

LATER,

I'LL TELL ALL THE OTHER GIRLS, "LOOK WHAT BUGS WON FOR ME AT THE CARNIVAL..."



BUGS! A WORD WITH YOU.



BUGS! YOU'VE GOTTA DO SOMETHING ABOUT HIM.

OH YOU RAN INTO FUDDO, EH?



YOU'RE NOT JUST WHISTLING DICK! HE CALLED ME A "LOWLY FLUSSYGAT"! THE NERVE OF HIM!



HE SAID NOW THAT HE WAS A THE UPPER CRUST HE WOULDN'T ASSOCIATE WITH US SIMPLE FOLKS.



AND YOU HAVEN'T HEARD THE WORST! HE SAID MANUAL LABOR WAS BENEATH HIM SO HE'S GETTING RID OF HIS CARROT PATCH.

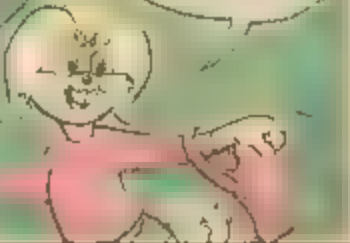


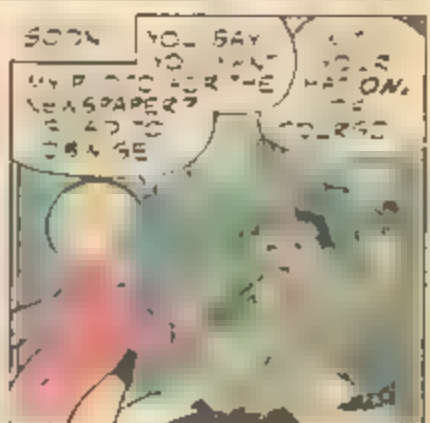
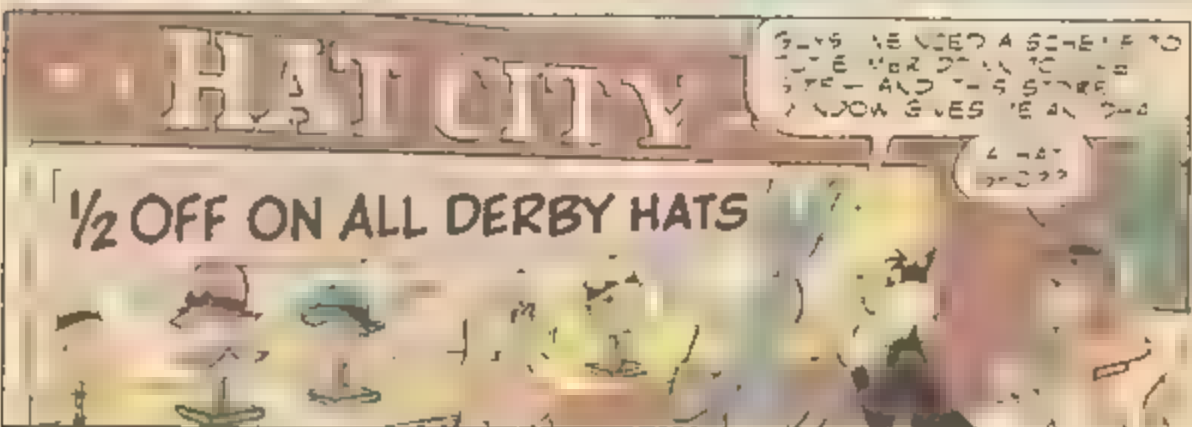
WHEE! WHEE! WHEE!

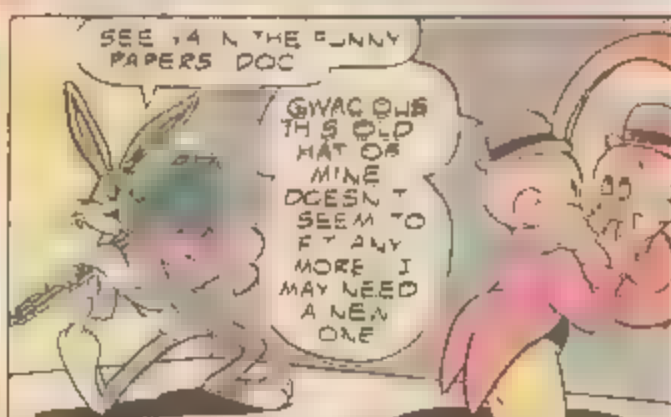
SOMETHING MUST BE DONE TO GET EYER FUDDO BACK TO EARTH.



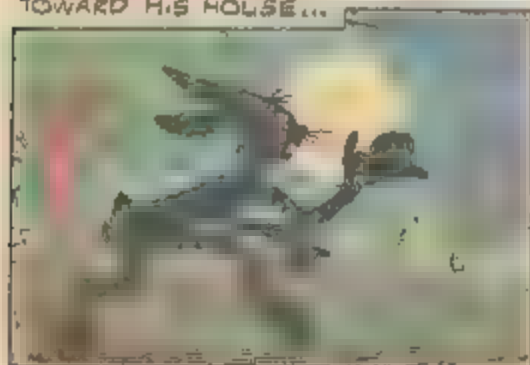
LOOK... HERE HE COMES. LET'S ACT REALLY FRIENDLY AND MAYBE HE'LL SNAP OUT OF IT.





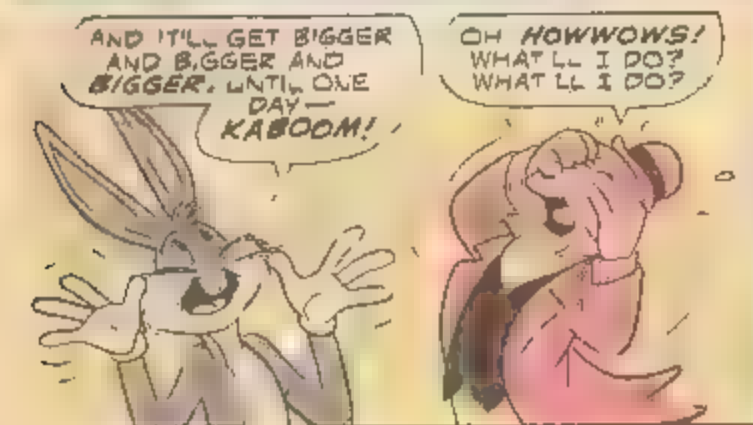
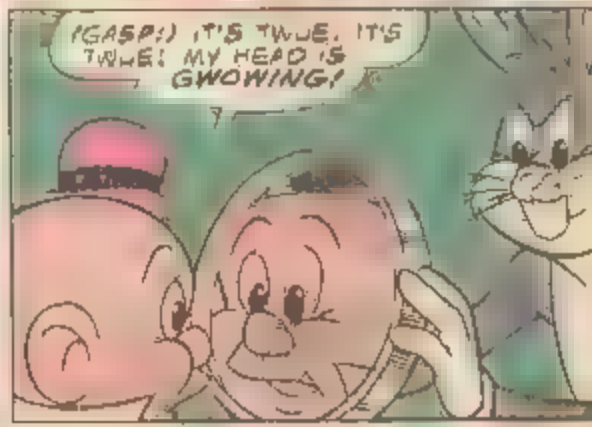
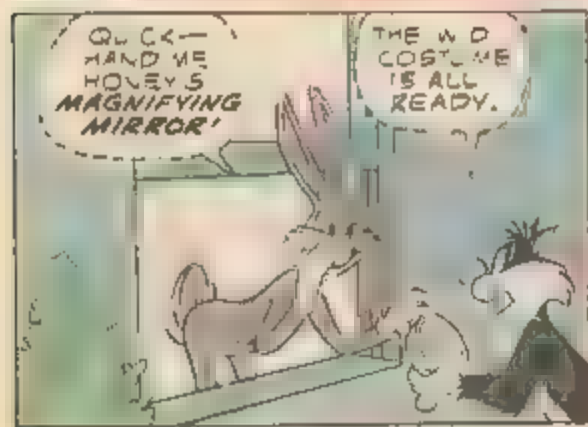
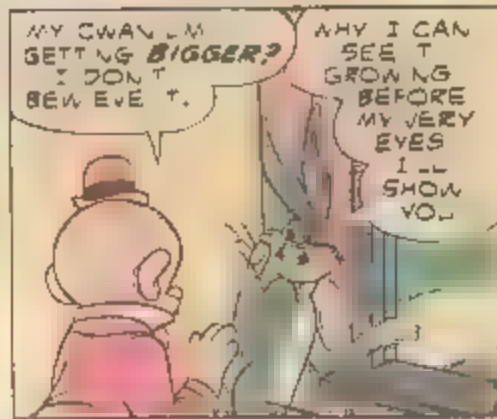
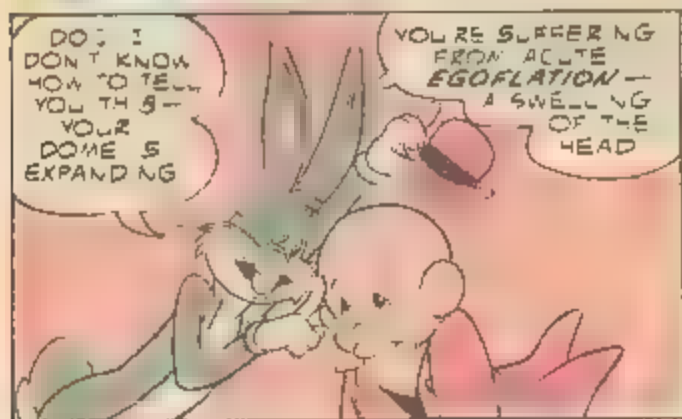
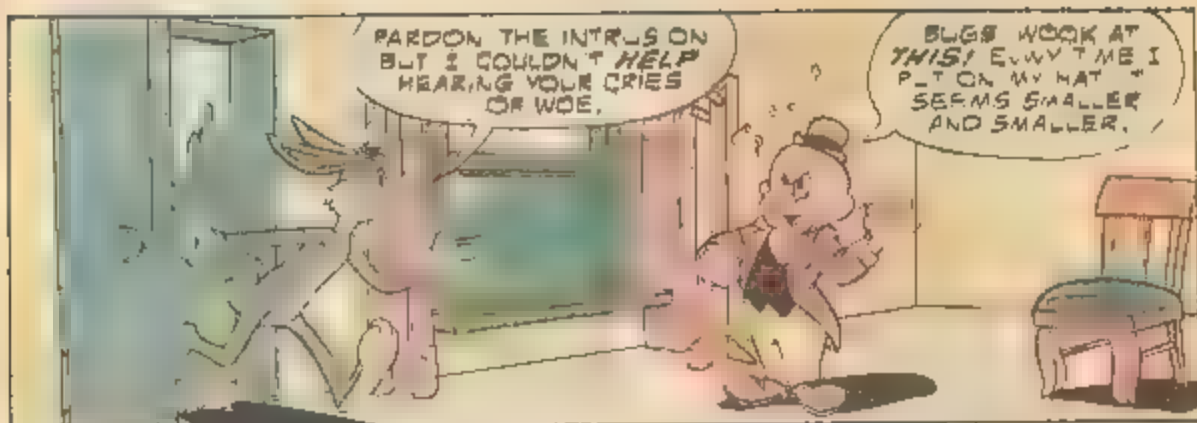


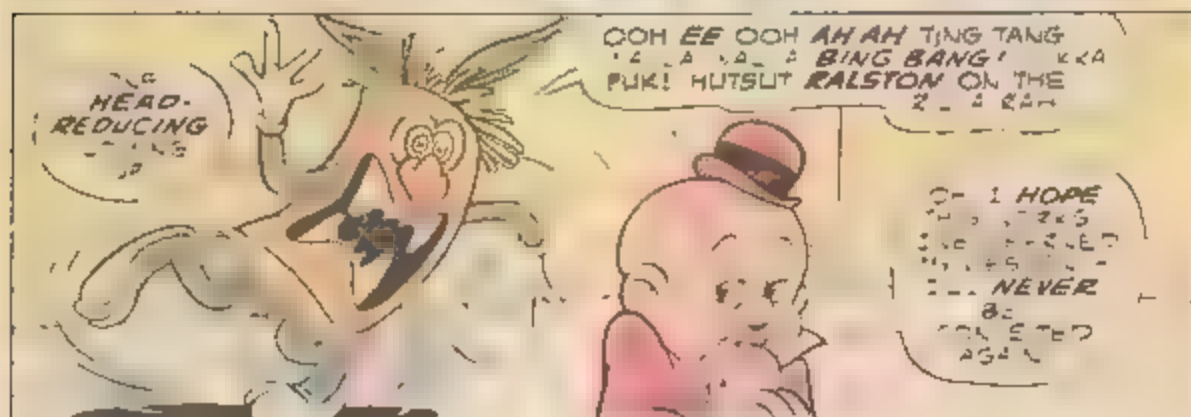
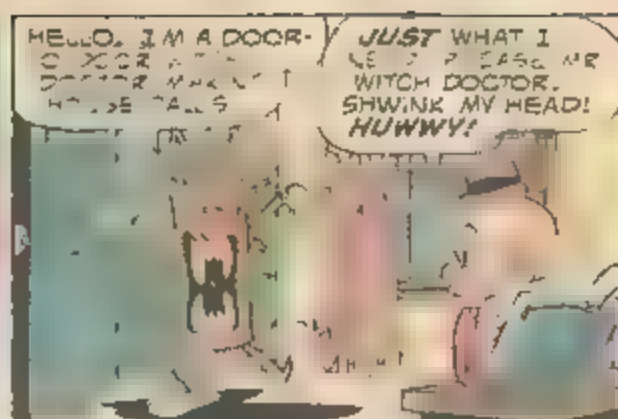
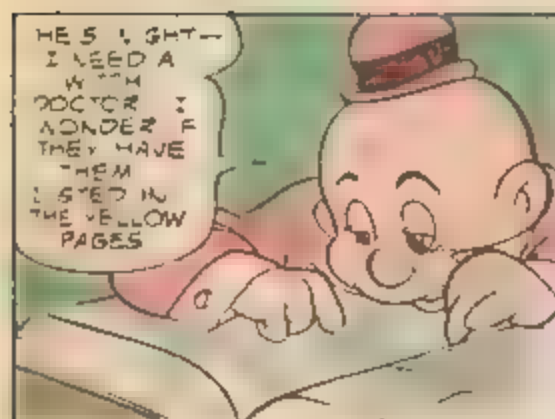
THAT NIGHT, AS ELMER SLEEPS A LONG EARED FIGURE T.P. TOES TOWARD HIS HOUSE...



AND THE NEXT MORNING





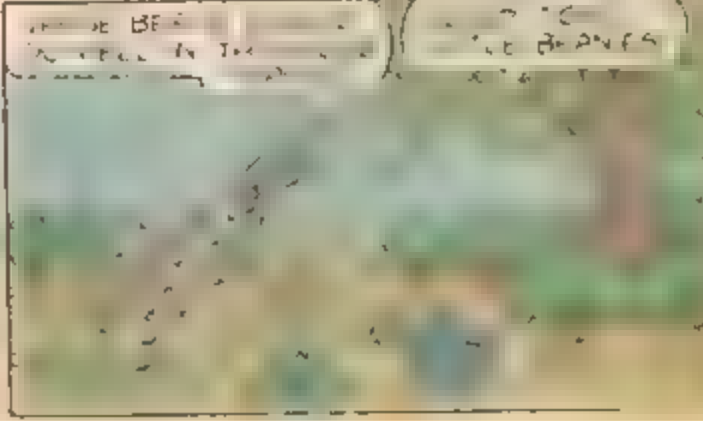
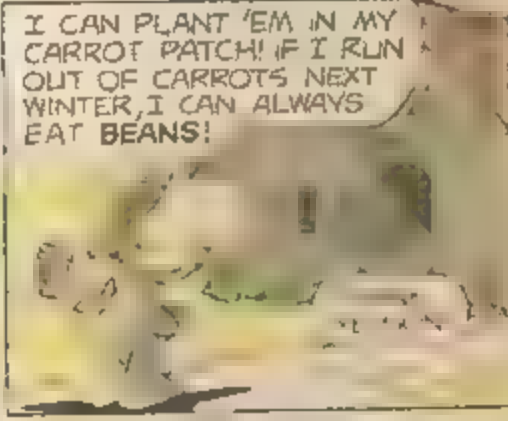


BUGS BUNNY

FEEL GOOD TO THINK SHE IS

LIZZY WITCH

AND NOT
FROM THE
UP TOWN
SHE MAGIC
BEANS?



COMES THE DAWN

I'D BETTER WAKE
MY LARKS & HEAD
BEANS BEFORE I
GET ON WITH
MILKING OF THE
7 DAY

EEK!

THOSE REALLY WERE
MAG BEANS

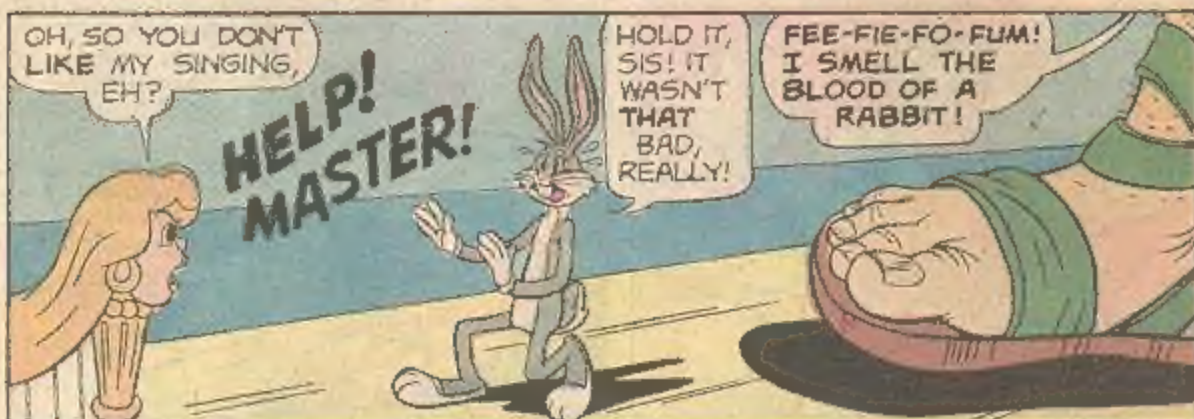
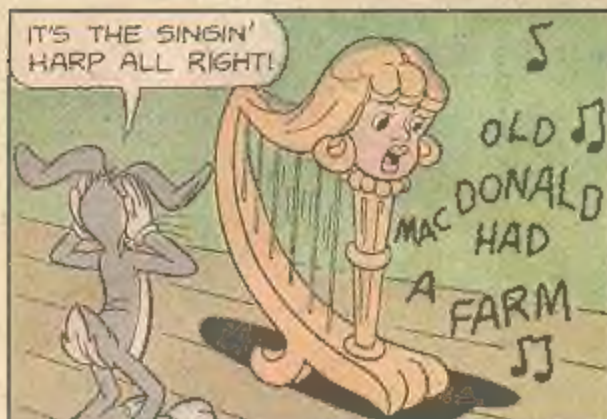
HOW ABOUT THAT,
MAYBE THIS BEAN-
STALK DOES GO
UP TO A CASTLE
IN THE CLOUDS,
FULL O' GOODIES.

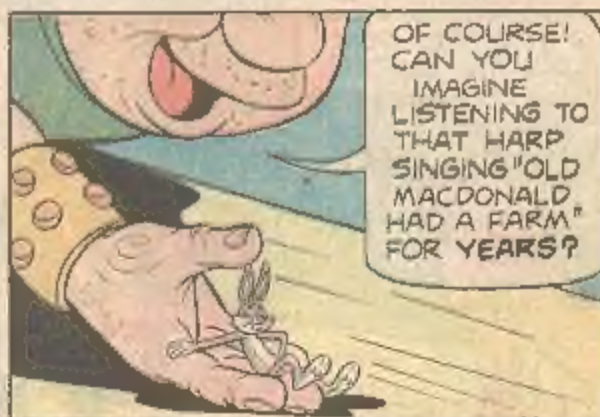
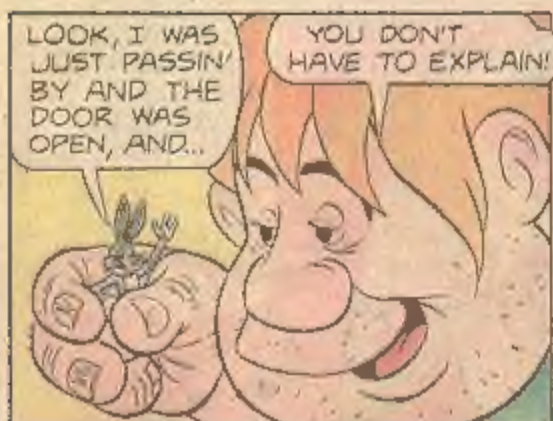
(I'LL HAVE
A LOOK
EE)

TOP FLOOR I'S
THIS A
WHERE I
GET OFF

(WOW! THERE'S THE
CASTLE JUST LIKE
IN THE STORY BOOKS!)





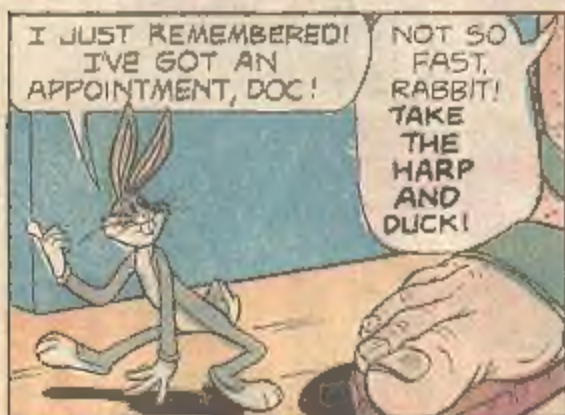




IT LOOKS GOOD,
BUT IT'S A **BRASS**
EGG! THAT
PHONEY DUCK
HAS BEEN
PASSING 'EM
OFF AS GOLD
FOR YEARS!



SO NOW
YOU
KNOW WHY
I'M GLAD
TO SEE
YOU! YOU
CAN TAKE
'EM **BOTH...**
WITH MY
BLESSINGS!



I JUST REMEMBERED!
I'VE GOT AN
APPOINTMENT, DOC!

NOT SO
FAST,
RABBIT!
TAKE
THE
HARP
AND
DUCK!



I'VE GOT A **SPECIAL**
DUNGEON JUST FOR
RABBITS!

NOW, YOU
EITHER TAKE
'EM OR
INTO THE
DUNGEON
YOU GO!



WELL, SINCE YOU
PUT IT **THAT** WAY...



HE'S GONE! NOW I'LL PULL UP
THE BEANSTALK SO THERE'S
NO CHANCE OF HIM SNEAKING
THAT HARP AND DUCK BACK!



AFTER THE WAY YOU
TREATED ME, I'LL
NEVER SING AGAIN!

NO FOOLIN'? THAT'S
WHAT I LIKE! A
STORY WITH A
HAPPY ENDING!

BRASS
DUCK EGGS
25¢

THEY MAKE
GREAT
DOORKNOBS